bly with a table knife.

We shall not dwell upon what follows in the story-Barry's apparently hope-less love for Muriel, his deplorable activities at the punch bowl at that. fair New England maiden's "coming out" party, his sufferings occasioned "a ceaseless drip of thoughts" connected an "endless, hideous with an inscrutable but ominous future, his wanderings, his experiences in Paris, his surprising flight "the heart of Africa" in a balloon, his lapse into sleep while sailing over Spain at night and his awakening in the morning in the moist embraces of Lake Tchad, his brief escapade with Naomi the Fawn, who was as beautiful as a June evening, in the forbidden city of Beni Tom among the bandits and blackmailers of Morocco, his discovery of Tom in an undeniable and dreadful cave, his fortunate as well as heroic rejection of a drink of brandy in which poison had been mingled, his defeat of the demon of the Gordons and his restoration to Muriel, who "drew him to her breast and bathed his forehead with her tears." while the sun rose over the Rif Mountains and the spilled brandy sank innocuously into the porous earth. If only the Colonel could have been as

fortunate! But his good angel, the mother of Barry and Tom, died and left him to fight his terrible battle alone.

Money Maledorous.

A tale of "tainted money" will be found in Mr. Leonard Merrick's story of "Lynch's Daughter" (The McClure Company). Dick Keith, the English painter, was scrupulous. He would marry Betty Lynch, who proposed to him, only on her promise that she would make no drafts on her father's malodorous pile. The story does not explain the wickedness of old Lynch. He talked very plausibly. Dick seemed foolish by comparison when the two argued. But the story says that the old man lied, so of course we must close our ears to him and believe that his money was thoroughly offensive. It was hard for Betty to be poor. The earnings of an art not yet celebrated did not satisfy her. She tried to see things as Dick did. She agreed when Dick put away the Landseer pictures in the fur-nished London flat because they were full of the impression of cruelty to animals. But the hundred guinea surgeon's fee when the baby was sick was paid with the tainted money. We rather looked to see Dick give way under his troubles, but he did no such thing. When old Lynch died and Betty turned over \$200,-000,000 to the United States Government the act was certainly unselfish and remarkable. Perhaps the newsboys in London really did shout: "Gord bless the lady!" We wonder if it was intended that we should be a little sorry for old Lynch. We could not help being a little sorry for him. Still we cannot suppose that the London newsboy would rejoice

Dr. Henry van Dyke's drama of "The immon" (Charles Scribner's two conspired to give over Damascus evil hands: how the poison began to work immediately after the Assyrians had been overthrown; how Naaman became blind and developed symptoms of leprosy; how Rushmah, the captive Israelite maiden. cared for the stricken captain and took him to Elisha the Prophet; how by Elisha's direction Naaman bathed seven times in the Jordan and was restored to health; how he returned to Damascus in time to overthrow the Assyrians again and to save Rushmah from being sacrificed to the ugly god Rimmon, and how incidentally he ran the High Priest through with his sword, whereafter, his wicked wife having been put away, he took the deserving and now happy Ruahmah to his eager arms.

The drama unfolds itself in careful blank verse and is quite interesting. Of three humorous characters, courtiers of Damascus, one accomplishes his effects by mixing metaphors. He says of the Assyrians: "They are blazing along like a waterspout to e op Damascus down like a pitcher of spilled milk " Again he says: "We are the men whose wisdom lights the rudder that upholds the chariot of State. Do we not know what medi-cine will silence this fire that threatens to drown us?" He is the most humorous character of the three. The High Priest in the play is as rascally a fellow as ever we heard discourse. It is good to have him run through "Bow thou, black priest! Down-down to hell!" So says Naaman as he finishes Rezon off. It is the most impolite thing in the play, but it is impossible not to approve of it.

Symbolical and Beautiful.

Georgianna Goddard King's drama of "The Way of Perfect Love" (The Macmillan Company) is full of delicate and and admirable lines. In many magio stuff. Fine fancies, deft touches, se are everywhere. At the same time this is a symbolical drama, and it is not quite easy to read a poem of symbolism that is so long sustained. The reader must be sure to consult the last pages of the book before he begins his reading. Here he will find instructions several illuminating interpretations—of which he Devine.
may take his choice. Without these he will hardly know what the Duchess in the poem is about. He may think he s when he comes to the dialogue that she carries on with the Shepherd. These two speak very fondly as well as very charmingly to each other. But let him select an interpretation. The poem is beautiful and remarkable.

Two by a Jocose Philosopher.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton says of his collection of essays on "Orthodoxy" (John Lane Company): "I offer this book with the heartiest sentiments to all the jolly people who hate what I write and regard it (very cation. As to the right of this essayist to be believed, supposing that he is understood, can anybody believe what he says just over the page? What he says there is: "There is in everything a reasonable in the United States, clerical and lay, division of labor. I have written the arranged in aphabetical order, first those

father's hand"; how the Colonel laughed me to read it." Is he honest, or does he the former there are no less than thirtyand got another goblet; how presently he tosated the devil and fell dead, and how Barry tore down the portrait of Gen.

Nicholas Gordon and gashed it irreparaby the word "orthodoxy" the Apostles' founders and other distinguished members of the state of Creed. He considers maniacs. He says that the men who really believe in themselves are all in lunatic asylums. Imagination does not make maniacs. Reason makes them. Poets do not go mad. Chess players do. So do mathematicians and cashiers. Cowper, to be sure, went mad. But he was troubled by Calvin and predestination. Poetry was good for him. "He was damned by John Calvin; he was almost saved by John Gilpin." Christianity with its element of mysticism is like the sun, but pure reason is like the moon. Consider those two orbs. Consider the sun. "We are conscious of it as of a kind of splendid confusion. It is something both shining and shapeless, at once a blaze and a blur. But the circle of the moon is as clear and un-Aloo; his search for his long lost brother | mistakable, as recurrent and inevitable as the circle of Euclid on a blackboard. For the moon is utterly reasonable; and the moon is the mother of lunatics. and has given to them all her name." Another book by the same author and from the same publishers, "All Things Considered," consists of the familiar essays on all sorts of things.

The Idiot Again.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's philosophe speaks further in "The Genial Idiot: His Views and Reviews" (Harper & Brothers). Nobody will say that the Idiot does not deserve the adjective here attached to him. As well as genial he is industrious. He has no mind to let the world go short of idiocy. Happily, he is idiotic in a way fitted, and we may say warranted, to be popular. Notwith-standing his declared ailment he speaks shrewdly of maxims and proverbs. He proves the shallowness of a number of them. We doubt if many among those who do not account themselves idiots could find anything fallacious in what he says about proverbs, or about valentines. or about comic opera. His views of finance are as good as those of Mr. Bryan, and far more entertaining. He has defensible ideas concerning fame and Christmas, and he ought to know and does know considerable about spring poetry He is sound on flat hunting, trustworthy on Christmas and incontrovertible on the ideal husband and April fool's day. His book ought to achieve a fair circulation outside of asyums. We have no doubt it will.

A Novelist's Experience With Spirits. Mr. Hamlin Garland's book called "The Shadow World" (Harper & Brothers) is an account of the author's own experiences in spiritualism. In compiling it he has used, he tells us, his notes made immediately after sittings and his reports to the American Psychical Society, of which he was at one time a director. There is, so far as we can discover, no great difference between these experiences and the familiar experiences of others in the same field. At the same time we have been interested by what is recorded here, and we are not quite sure but that the spirit "Wilbur," a generous contributor of what is curious in these pages, is extraordinary. Wilbur on one occasion threw twenty-four books upon the table around which Mr. Garland and his circle Sons) tells how Tsarpi, wife of Naaman, of friends were sitting. The books were captain of the armies of Damascus, denote gently deposited. "They came whizceived her hus and and took up with zing with power, yet with such precision Reson, the wicked High Priest; how the that no head was touched." Wilbur was roguish, but not malicious. He did not to the Assyrians; how Naaman went out hurt anybody in the course of his strong against the Assyrians and routed them; activities He was active for nearly how Rezon prepared a cup of slow poison two hours, keeping everybody interested for Naaman, which the unconscionable and busy. He conversed readily and Tsarpi gave to her husband with her own was willing to answer questions. He said that Wilbur was his middle name and that his family name was Thompson. He was Jef. W. Thompson, a Confederate Brigadier-General. In the course of the war he was "invalided home to Jefferson City, and he "passed out there." There were doubting Thomases around during the experiments. The book reports what

Stirring and Amusing.

Mr. H. C. Bailey's story of "Colonel Greatheart" (the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis) will abundantly entertain the reader. It tells of a number of Colonels and of ladies and of a succession of exciting adventures in the time when King and Parliament were at odds and when England was full of a beautiful turmoil-utterly beautiful from the romancer's point of view. Nobody writes romantic stories that have sharper surprises of incident and humor than those that Mr. Bailey tells. The reader who esteems a stirring tale should not miss the Coloneis. Mr. Lester Ralph has supplied some remarkably good illustra-

Spurred and Rewarded by Beauty. In Mr. Harold Bindloss's story of "A Damaged Reputation" (R. F. Fenno & Company) we read how Brooke, the young Englishman, was not getting along at all on his stony and sterile ranch in the Canaactivity; how he made a mistake about Mr. Saxton, a mining operator, and another mistake about Mr. Devine, another mining operator; how he tried to jump The articles had inevitably the character one of Mr. Devine's mines, thereby doing s, indeed, these verses are spun of in the title of the tale; how after plenty of sion and in none is more than justice done trouble he "struck it rich" at last, and how to the subject. The principle of selecglad that Brooke got her finally. The reader further will like Brooke and he will Justice Horace Gray, Dr. Morrill Wyman, be interested by the remarkable Mr.

A Catholic Monument.

No more satisfactory gift could be imagined for the golden jubilee of Pope Pius X. than the splendid display of the material advance of the Church contained in the six large folio volumes of "The Catholic Church in the United States of America " (The Catholic Editing Company, New York), of which the first volume, treating of the religious communities, is now before us. The work is encyclopædic in its nature and its arrangement and has been shared in by many hands. Though, abstractly, a historical or chronological arrangement justly, for all I know) as a piece of poor might have been preferable, it is easy to clowning or a single tiresome joke." see what difficulties that course would That is plainly ironical and not so bad a have presented, and for purposes of fling, though of course something is to reference the order adopted is certainly be said for the "jolly people," who may the best. The objection to the presthink they have had considerable provoentation of the communities before the more familiar organizations of the Church may also be met by the argument of the difficulties the task offered. Here then we have the religious orders

filling Barry "struck the goblet from his book, and nothing on earth would induce of men and then those of women. Of latter, forty-nine. The accounts of each order are accompanied by pictures of founders and other distinguished mem-bers, and especially of the buildings. The facts in each case have been gathered carefully from the authorities in charge. Non-Catholics will be astonished no only at the extension of the monastic orders in the United States but at the variety given to Catholic activity by the diversity in these organizations. That more space is not given to some of the best known is due probably to the acsident that in a composite work some

writers are less prolix than others.

The next four volumes will deal with the secular clergy, arranged according to provinces. The last, which perhaps should have been the first, will give the history of the Church and treat of general movements in it. It is a remarkable work, of as deep interest to those who do not belong to the faith as to those who do, bearing testimony not only to what Catholics have accomplished but to the great change in the estimate of them that has come over the United States in sixty years. The record is put in an imposing shape, stately, finely printed, well bound folios

Boston and the Beginnings of Baseball If many old gentlemen who have just turned sixty can jot down recollections as lively as Mr. James D'Wolf Lovett's in "Old Boston Boys" (Little, Brown and Company) they had better hurry and do so, for plenty of people will want to read them. Mr. Lovett's memory goes back just far enough to take in the real Boston of the days before the war, when horse cars were unknown and the Back Bay had not been filled in, when boys could fish on the Public Garden wall and could coast down the perpendicular side of Beacon Hill as well as on the Common. Many are the pictures of that old Boston which changed so quickly that he draws for the delectation of other old boys like nimself and for the information of the later effete generations; gruff old Master Francis Gardner of the Latin School, most awe inspiring of men, stopping on the Common to see a ball hit into the catcher's hands, the Fourth of July boat races on the Charles, the bewhiskered gymnasts of those earlier days, the boys that went to the war.

But Mr. Lovett is himself a landmark in the world of sport. He saw the change from the desultory playing of cricket to three old cat and the Massachusetts game of ball, and from that quickly to the New York game that has prevailed. Those were the heroic days of baseball in Boston, when every boy played; all amateurs then, with no dream of prosional players, when the Harvards, the Trimountains and the Lowells strove for the mastery and Jim Lovett pitched for the Lowells. No admission fee in those days, when the spectators sat on the slope of Flagstaff Hill and watched fat Sensen-defer hit a home run in order to reach home base; and such scores, 73 to 37, 107 to 16; Lovett's no outs and eight runs, three home runs and a three base hit; when Archie Bush's Harvard nine travelled around the country and defeated every thing but the Red Stockings. Mr. Lovett can tell of the first dive for a base and of the first game of more than nine innings.

It is all written in a cheerful, gossipy tyle, with a little too much modesty to suit the reader perhaps, and with a rather preposterous assumption of ex-treme old age which may well make Mr. Lovett's sexagenarian contemporaries feel a little sore. Those days are not so far back as he makes out for men as spry as he and they are.

New Essays by Austin Dobson.

No English writer can write more delightfully than Mr. Austin Dobson when he chooses to, and he is always at his best when he chats of bygone days or forgotten books, as in his latest volume. "De Libris" (Macmillans). Next to the pleasure of turning over the faded pages yourself comes that of having Mr. Dobson turn them over for you, and he accompanies the act with a running commentary of eighteenth century learning that is peculiarly his own. Who, for instance, can quote correctly the line "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast" and can place its origin in James Branston's "The Man of Taste"? Even the accurate Bartlett goes astray in this and is satisfied with Congreve's pilfering.

Coming to more recent times, Mr. Dobson reviews in a charming article Kate Greenaway's pictures, and with more prejudice perhaps those of Hugh Thompson, and criticises Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." He intercalates verses between the essays, polished and artistic verse as he always writes, but in that eighteenth century tone which those who admired the lightness and grace of his earlier muse rather regret. The reader will be charmed with the book and with the literary art which is Mr. Dobson's own and which he employs only too rarely.

Excellent Americans.

A surprisingly good book has been made out of obituary articles taken from the dian Far West; how the beautiful Barbara | Harvard Graduates' Magazine in "Sons of Heathcote happened along and put a the Puritans" (American Unitarian Asspur to his waning ambition; how he went sociation, Boston). Death has reaped out into a world of rough and sharp so rich a harvest of Harvard worthles in the last few years, that a choice was unfortunately easy, and those who think back will wonder rather at the omissions. of eulogies; they were all written by close to his reputation the damage indicated friends, but they are restrained in expres-Barbara made him happy after believing tion is apparently Massachusetts anfor a period that the damage suffered by cestry and the list is one of which the his reputation was irreparable. Barbara State and the university may well be was a little wooden, but the reader will be proud: Senator Hoar, Phillips Brooks, glad that Brooke got her finally. The Gov. Roger Walcott, Gov. W. E. Russell, Prof. C. F. Dunbar, Gen. F. C. Barlow H. S. Russell, and of younger men, Charles

Eliot and William Henry Baldwin. From the mill and the forge of a little Yorkshire village to the pulpit of a New York church and to fame far beyond the Unitarian community is the career that the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer looks over in Some Memories" (American Unitarian attained his eightieth year, for the recolleciorahave the freshness and vigor almost of the time they describe, and this is more marked in the case of the earlier ones in England. The pictures of English and of Pennsylvania country life make the reader egret that Dr. Collyer should hold more closely later to his church experiences, but he would not like to lose the accounts of the war days or of the Chicago fire. He will also regret that not a word is said

bout the last thirty years. To the "True American Types" series Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith contributes Dr. William T. Hornaday's "Camp Fires reader the tradition of unspeakable Captain Thomas A. Scott, Master Diver" (American Unitarian Association). There can be no doubt that Capt. Scott deserves a high place in the series, and Sonora. Dr. Hornaday was looking for tures about the South Pacific.
the stories his blographer tells about the southern limit of the Booky Mountain In "Corrie Who?" (Small, Maynard an



Night Latch is sound and kind. It yields readily to the right Key and resists everlastingly the wrong

A turn takes it off-a touch turns it on. No other Lock possesses its convenience. No other affords its

protection.

Ask your dealer to show you the Yale Mortise Night Latch 66. You'll buy it. THE VALE & TOWNE MFG. CO. The only makers of genuine Yale Locks

him are fine. Yet in this short account we learn a great deal more of what the author thought of Capt. Scott than we do of his hero The tone of eulogy, a fault in other books of the series, is wholly inappropriate. The persons held up to admiration hitherto were all people of simple life, who would naturally detest to have their actions praised; their deeds speak for them. The excessive laudation of simple acts tends to make them ridiculous. Cannot daily courage and honesty be taken for granted still?

Three Books for Boys.

"The Minute Boys of Long Island" are a small but plucky company who have a whimsical and clever Yankee leader. They are equipped with a sail boat which he humorously designates as "the navy," and of which he appoints himself "the Admiral." With this boat the boys visit the British fleet at anchor in the harbor and in spite of many accidents manage to convey the result of their observations to Gen. Putnam in New York. James Otis, who puts the "Minute Boys" through their paces in the pages of historical romance, has displayed his usual skill in combining historical fact with imaginary adventure in this new story, which is published by Dana Estes and Co.

"All Among the Loggers," by Clarence B. Burleigh (Lothrop, Lee Shepard and Co.), describes the life among the lumbermen in the forests of Maine. Norman Carver, the hero, having developed rather mischievous spirit at school, is sent among these lumbermen for a taste of real practical life. The author is himself largely interested in lumbering operations and manages to convey a good deal of interesting information in his story of the picturesque life of the loggers. An important character in the story, Mr. Collins, is in real life Bill Sewall, a friend of President Roosevelt and also of the author. The story is entertaining and unusual if somewhat overloaded with unimportant details of interest only to those who anticipate spending a season themselves "All Among the Loggers."

"The Four Boys," who spent a summer n Yellowstone Park together and made a journey in the "Land of Cotton," this year have been having some experience in camp with Indian guides in Arkansas, and have been making some discoveries which other boys may enjoy reading about. E. J. Tomlinson has written of their adventures in a book called "Four Boys on the Mississippi" (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.). The author's purpose is a good one-to interest boys in travelling in their own country.

Hellen Keller.

Though a modern miracle was pe formed in saving Helen Kellar from her nelpless condition, her story has been so long familiar to every one and she has done so much that persons without her afflictions can do that people forget that she is as yet alone of her kind. Her latest book, "The World I Live In" (The Century Company) is extraordinary in many ways. It has qualities that have oessed to astonish in her case, an ease of expression and forms of imagery which, were the fact not known, would never arouse suspicion that the writer did not possess all her senses and the language that is common to all educated persons. In this instance, however, she analyzes her own self and her sensations as though she were merely the observer and not the subject, and she explains the state of mind of those deprived of sight and hearing as no intelligent person has been able to do

Fears that Miss Kellar might grow selfconscious from the attention paid to her or that the scientific interest in her case might lead to morbid introspection must be dissipated by these pages. It would be impossible to speak with more simplicity or modesty of the facts she is stating, even though the subject is herself and the experiences only her own. Her articles are charming; they would be pathetic if the reader did not feel that the writer has become so strongly mistress of herself that there is no room for pity. She demonstrates clearly touch takes the place of sight and hearng for her; she calls attention to the uses f the two neglected senses, smell and taste. Her account of her dreams is very interesting. It is a notable book in every way.

Pictures of Many Lands.

That he was the pleasantest of travelling companions Mr. W. D. Howells proved ears ago, and that he has preserved his charm undiminished is shown in the delightful letters published first in THE Sun and now in book form by the Harpers under the title "Roman Holidays and Others." It is rather hazardous for the middle aged or elderly to revisit the places they enjoyed when they were young; the places have changed and so have they, and usually the memory of what is lost overshadows what may be seen, but Association). It is a remarkable book he finds to-day as warmly as he did, and ous pidgin English vocabulary, which to have been written by a man who has as every one has done, on the first visit, would be more noticeable if the author and his enjoyment is increased by mellowed memories and by the com-parisons with the earlier day. Rome has has kind words to say also of Genoa and photographs of views that are not hackneyed.

A month's exploration of an unknown on Desert and Lava" (Charles Scribner's savagery in the natives and of the absence

The Great Historical Novel on NAPOLEON

GODOFCLAY

By H. C. BAILEY

Illustrated. \$1.50

A remarkable novel, with Napoleon for its hero. Tells of Napoleon, of the men and women who sometimes loved him; how their lives crossed and clashed.

A Masterpiece

BRENTANO'S, Fifth Ave. & 27th St., N. Y

Rare books from private libraries in England constitute an interesting feature of our stock. This collection has been replenished by recent pur-

E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 23d Street

chases.

Goodspeed's Book-Shop 5ª Park St., Boston, is known throughout the world. Book-lovers & collectors far and near draw from its treasures of BOOKS, PRINTS, AUTOGRAPHS and EX-LIBRIS. "Anything that's a book." Monthly catalogues issued. Visitors welcome. When in Boston, Browse in Goodspeed's

sheep, among other things, while his scientific companions were hunting for other subjects in natural history. One of them was Mr. Phillips, who here as in other books, shows his remarkable skill in photography. Dr. Hornaday tells his story with boyish exuberance, and makes his readers well acquainted with all the members of his party; if all irrelevant matter were cut out, his book would be much smaller, but it would also be duller. His month's labors accomplished a bit of useful work tthat will not have to be done over

If Florida needed any lure to attract sensible visitors, one will be found in a delightful book, "Florida Enchantments," by A. W. & Julian A. Dimock (The Outing Publishing Company). This has nothing to do with winter hotel diversions or automobile racing on the sands, or even with orange groves and invalid resorts; t tells of the real fun in Florida, the fishng and shooting, the natives and Seminles, the exploration and the reclamation of the Everglades. Many of the articles are of a sporting character, and alligators, manatees, tarpons and wild birds figure in them; all deal with open air life. The authors' enthusiasm for the country is catching. They made excellent use of the camera

Even if he gives the impression that he has discovered Ireland, the first part of Mr. Plummer F. Jones's "Shamrook entertaining and good. The author has the knack of describing vividly what he sees, and even if this is not exactly novel, his reader follows him with enjoyment from Queenstown to Cork, and Blarney Castle and Killarney and Tipperary and Galway. There, unfortunately, he stops, for Mr. Jones is serious minded and inclined to sociological investigation. He has interspersed historical information hitherto in fairly moderate doses. But after Galway he practically ends his travels to indulge essays on the position of woman, on the difference between Ulster and Catho lic Ireland, and on agricultural conditions. And this as the result of a summer tour, and in spite of the intimation in his preface that he does not propose to discuss the Irish question. The pictures are very good.

As a preliminary to a description of the pictures in the Dutch galleries Mr. David C. Preyer in "The Art of the Netherland Galleries" (L. C. Page and Company, Boston) writes a long account of the Dutch painters. The attribution of the name of Netherlands to the Dutch alone would, we imagine, be resented by the Flemish side of the family, and while t may be possible to discuss the really great painters, Rembrandt and Franz Hals, without bringing in Rubens and Van Dyck, it can only create confusion to treat of the great mass of men of the second rank without taking into conideration the equally large body of Flemish painters of the same class. The author strikes a rather high note of eulogy for painters and pictures. This has its disadvantages when a very long catalogue of names has to be dealt with that extends to the present day. The last 150 pages, however, deal with the plotures now in the various museums of Holland. The pictures are well selected, as a role, but the size of the book precludes justice being done to some of them.

Recent Fiction.

Substituting a half breed young woman of much physical charm for the usual romantic or piratical hero of South Sea tales, Miss Beatrice Grimshaw in "Vaiti of the Islands" (A. Wessels Company, New York), relates a succession of adventures of the sort that readers have been trained to expect from those lawless regions. She is a very capable young person, a veritable there is none of that feeling to be found Capt. Kettle in petticoats, not burdened in Mr. Howells. He takes to the Italy with scruples and provided with a vigordid not enrich her own narrative with numerous unexplained terms from the languages of the region, after the fashion the lion's share in his narrative, but he of Mr. Kipling and others. Her effort to show the mingling of European and Naples and Leghorn and Pisa, and like native traits in her heroine's psychology wise of Monte Carlo, besides giving his would engage the reader's attention more readers a glimpse of Madeira and southern if the concessions called for by British Spain. The book is illustrated with many prudery did not make her pass over in prudery did not make her pass over in silence the element that seems to pre-dominate in Polynesian life. The several episodes are entertaining and are told corner of the Continent is the subject of with dash; they will preserve for the Sons). The expedition was to the Pina- of all decent instincts in the whites that cate region in the desert of northwestern have supplanted the earlier poetio rap-

DUFFIELD COMPANY NEW YORK

York.

CHESTERTON

The Author of "Heretics" and "All Things Considered" on

ORTHODOXY

Each (uniform binding) 12mo., 1.50 net; post 12c

discobered it was Orthodoxy."

"I tried to found a Heresy and

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR

"A work of genius."-Chicago Evening Post.

"Is likely to produce a sensation. It is an extraordinary book and will be much read and talked about."—New York Globe.

"Brillian His opinions and fancies, al-though dressed in eccentric garb, reflect undenlably a large and dominant sentiment in the world of modern philosophy."

—Philadelphia North American.

"Bernard Shaw might have written 'Ortho-

"Mr. Chesterton was luminous; he has become incandescent. He has become orthodox—and proves it in most heterodox fashion."—Chicago Tribune.

"Other apologists may be more persuasive and convincing than Mr. Chesterton; few in our day have been more brilliant or more stimulating."—The Churchman,

JOHN LANE COMPANY, NEW YORK

MALKAN'S

Great Book Store

HENRY MALKAN

42 Broadway and 35 New Street, NEW YORK CITY, Telephone 8000 Broad, Private exchange connecting all departmen

INTERNATIONAL

STUDIO .

November

HISTORY of Flagellation, Moll Flanders, Apu-

INSTRUCTION

For Boys and Young Men.

HAMILTON INSTITUTE

OR CATALOG ADDRESS 45 W. SIST S'

Schools of Elecution and Dramatic Art.

Miscellaneous

EMBROIDERY lessons of all kinds given by a stallan teacher; specialist on old-fashioned works. E., 10 Chariton st., city.

Company, New York), Mr. Maximilian

sketches of some phases of New York soci-

are true enough to arouse regret that Mr.

Foster did not work them out more care-

Another South Sea Story by Mr. Louis

Becke, "The Adventures of Louis Blake"

(T. Werner Laurie, London) reads al-

most like an autobiography. It con-

to nothing definite, after the manner of

real life. At the beginning it seems as

Continued on Eighth Page.

'Heartbreak Hill'

A Comedy-Romance

By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé

author of " The Inn of the Silver

Pictures in Color by JOHN RAE

Mr. Viele's earlier 'Inn of the

Silver Moon' and the present

book is a public benefactor. The

incredulous . . . have only to apply the simple test of reading."—The Evening Post, New

"A writer of such stories as

bockers," etc.

Moon," "The Last of the Knicker-

tains at least several incidents that least

Roman Holidays

By W. D. Howells

The announcement of a new book of travel by Mr. Howells is of special interest. In "Roman Holidays" he shares with us the charm, the delight and all the variegated impressions of a return to the land of the Venetian Life and the Italian Journeys. The new volume has all the felicity of style of this master of English.

The Witching Hour

By Augustus Thomas

A love story filled with the light of a new idea-a great novel from the great play, reversing the usual order of writing. The novel has all the dramatic intensity of the play as well as the charm of Thomas's adroit humor and compelling sentiment. The romance which the author has wrought out of telepathy and thought transference gives the story an element of curious novelty.

An Immortal Soul

By W. H. Mallock

Double personality in a very adorable girl-a combination of the ingenuous child and the sophisticated woman-makes this a novel strikingly unusual. It will be much talked about. A young clergyman believes he is interested in her soul; an eminent scientist observes her in the light of a puzzling psychological problem; a brilliant man of affairs falls head over heels in love with her. She is two people in one-a thrilling and absorbing Emperor William's Gifts to Harvard study.

The Cradle of the Rose

By the Author of "The Seventeenth year began Sept. Soth.

COLLEGE AND COMMERCIAL PREPARATION. Martyrdom of an Empress.

A story of modern France and the Church and State crisis. THE BEN GREET SCHOOL OF ACTING, Berkeley Lyceum, W. 44th St. Entries at any time. Special rates for College Graduates. The Ben Greet Players. Winter and A story of a plot to overthrow the French Government a plot originated in Brittany, the Catholic and Celtic province, which is to France what Ireland is to England. Persons who are in a position to know declare that Foster has written a pretty ingenious mystery story and has woven into it satirical the book is a brilliant novelization of an actual conspiracy ety and views of various parts of the city. The story is told with a vivacity that carries recently suppressed, news of the reader along to the solution at the end. which has never been allowed to which might be more lucid but is satisreach the public. Others, equally factory enough. The young woman in search of her identity is attractive, the well informed, say that it is a elderly female villain is consistently selfprophecy, a forecast of what may ish and brutal, and there are touches take place at any time in the about many of the other characters that disturbed state of France. It is a splendid love story either way.

Whole Family A Nobel by 12 Authors

This is a strangely exciting story which rather runs away with one. It is the story of the engagement of a delightful young American girl and the way her family takes it. The curious thing is that while twelve distinguished authors have written it, it reads straightaway with breathless galloping. Each author wrote a chapter. The writers are W. D. Howells, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, John Kendrick Bangs, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Mary Stewart Cutting, Alice Brown, Henry van Dyke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Elizabeth Jordan, Edith Wyatt, Mary Heaton Vorse, Henry James.

"The American Nation," that great 27 wol. history, is now completed after seven years of scholarly work. A booklet telling of it is yours for the asking.

HARPERS HARPERS HARPERS MAGAZINE BAZAR WEEKLY

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied no matter on what subject; write me stating Books wanted; I can get you any book ever published; when in England call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright st., Hirmingham, England.

TO BUY BOOKS ... TO SELL BOOKS SCHULTE 132 E, 1250 Bt.